

A Moment in Time ~ Trowa

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Category: Gundam Wing/AC
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-06-18 09:00:00
Updated: 2000-06-18 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:37:29
Rating: K+
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,183
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: A moment in time for Trowa.

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I must be obsessed.

I can't stop staring, but I don't care. He's so beautiful. The way the bright sun glints off his long, braided hair. His perfect lips pulled back in a constant, familiar grin. I wonder how those lips would feel pressed against my own. I bet they're very, very soft, but I'll never know. And those eyes. Beautiful violet orbs so full of wonder; so full of life; so full of . . . Of love . . . But not for me.

He's talking (of course, he's always talking) to the object of his affection. To the one he loves, Heero Yuy, who's only half listening, if at all. I can hear his voice going nonstop, and I love it. I want it to be me he talks endlessly to; I want to be the one he tells every detail of his day to. I would listen with full attention. No computer monitor would pull me from him.

But Duo loves Heero, not me.

Heero is the one he talks to. Heero is the one he lays next to at night, and whom he smiles at and kisses good morning. Heero is the one he lives for, and would die for. The one who's captured his heart and the one who dominates his thoughts . . .

And Heero is the one who hurts him.

Does he really think I believe that bruise on his cheek was due to his own clumsiness? That he could actually fall and hit his face on a doorknob? No, I don't believe that at all. I know how it got there. I

want to narrow my eyes and glare at the Japanese pilot, to show him how angry it makes me. But it wouldn't do any good, so why bother? I keep my stoic mask on.

Suddenly everything seems empty. Something seems to be missing all of a sudden. It takes me a second to realize what it is. Duo has stopped talking; things are quiet. The only sounds are of Heero's typing on the laptop and Wufei's soft grunts as he does his workout. The constant chatter has momentarily stopped. It's for a very simple reason; the beautiful American was drinking from his glass of lemonade.

I watch as he drinks. His head is back and he is taking long gulps; his Adam's apple bobbing cutely with every swallow. And his eyes are closed as he quenches his thirst. When he is finished he puts his glass down and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, then looks up, catching my gaze. I'm stuck, our eyes looking into each other's prevents me from moving, until he smiles broadly and waves at me.

I want to blush. He caught me staring at him! But a blush would make me obvious, so I fight it off. I want to hide, but that would draw even more attention. I want to run to him and scoop him up in my arms, to tell him how I feel. I want to yell at him; _why do you have to be so nice?! how can you be so perfect?! what can I do to make you love me?!_ I can't do that either. Instead I just raise my hand in acknowledgement, keeping my face emotionless, and he resumes his one-sided conversation.

What good would telling him do? It wouldn't change his feelings any. He wouldn't dump the 'Perfect Soldier' for me. He might even laugh at me, or be uncomfortable with me. I couldn't stand for him to not want to be around me, I have to be able to at least look at him.

Heero knows how I feel. At least, I think he does. His hard stare gets even colder when he sees me looking at his koibito. Surprise, surprise, Heero, the emotionless one has feelings too. His icy blue eyes burn with such a possessive glare; though he's facing his computer I know it's directed towards me. _My Shinigami_, the glare says. It looks like he wants to take Duo right now, right here, just to rub it in my face.

Of course I know they do that. I can hear them making love at night. I hear Heero's moans, and wish they were mine; I hear Duo's sighs, and wish they were because of me. Many times I close my eyes and picture him beneath me, gasping in pleasure. I touch his smooth body and he touches me, and there is a passionate kiss. But I am always brought out of my fantasy by the one I desire calling out someone else's name, his emotion filled voice coming through the walls, filling the room I share with Quatre.

Quatre . . .

I'm aware of his feelings for me. The way his smile gets a little bit sunnier when I enter the room; the way he's quick to compliment me; the way he seems so much brighter when I'm around. He cares about me; he might even love me. From the very first time we met he's been affectionate towards me. I feel sorry for him, because I know I can't return his feelings. Though I wish I could. Oh, how I wish I could! I turn my gaze to look at him for a moment. The sunlight hits him in such a way as to make him look angelic. He sits quietly, sipping his

tea, taking in the beautiful landscape around us. Yes, he definitely deserves all the happiness life has to offer. He looks down, then slowly raises his eyes upward to look at me. When our eyes meet he quickly looks off to the side again. See, he's cute too.

I'm sorry, Quatre. Please forgive me. I don't want to hurt you, but I can't seem to get over my current infatuation.

He doesn't even know how I feel.

Next, my eyes turn to Wufei. I wish I could be more like him. He's strong, both physically (looking good working out without his shirt on) and emotionally. He never gets caught up in silly love tangles. Just keeps to himself and worships his Nataka. I wish I could keep things so simple; as simple as they can get for a Gundam pilot.

My head turns again, back to Duo-watching. Watching him talk and laugh, trying to get Heero's attention. I worry that someday just watching won't be good enough. What if I try something? What if I can't control my actions in regards to my emotions? No, that won't be a problem; I'm a master at controlling myself. I can even mask my face from showing any kind of emotion.

Quatre is offering me some tea, but I refuse. He is too kind. But kindness is needless for me.

I'm lonely . . .

End
file.